

The West Virginian

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY
The West Virginian, Incorporated
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New York City.
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All departments reached through private exchange
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TUESDAY EVENING AUGUST 1, 1922.

AGAIN, WATER STREET.

THE WEST VIRGINIAN has long prophesied that Water street would spawn something that would horrify the town. It has long been the opinion of this newspaper that out of this pool of vice and filth would reach a hand that would drag down upon the city disgrace and shame. This dread has proven all too true. Not only has Fairmont been sickened for weeks with details of a most awful murder which had its inception in Water street and was carried to its terrible climax in a distant city, but the wide spread publicity, featured by the large newspapers reached into every section of the country and was topped off with a full page feature in the Sunday Baltimore Sun, which centered the attention of thousands of strangers upon this city, holding Fairmont in most unenviable light and causing our citizens to blush with shame at the fact that their city contains such a thoroughfare of degradation.
It is to be hoped that every citizen in Fairmont read the story in the Sunday Baltimore Sun. It is a story of sensational character, illustrated with charcoal drawings of Water street. It is founded upon fact, and it bares conditions on Water street as the people of Fairmont ought to see them. It is hard to stand such an onslaught, but the indifference of the city administration and the people have justified this story, and the dose, nauseous as it is, must be swallowed.
It is no use to point to other city slums and disgraces. That sort of thing does not take the stain from Fairmont. Water street is our disgraceful slum, our awful responsibility, and it has become quite clear that Water street is going to continue unless the citizens themselves force the issue.
The West Virginian has done its utmost to get action in regard to Water street. Editorially, this newspaper has pleaded for a clean-up, time and again. What is holding up action is not evident, but no real attempt has been made to definitely clean this place up, and outside of liberally administering fines and making numerous arrests which gave fictitious hope for a while, the dens still are open and vice still holds sway. How long are the citizens of Fairmont going to stand for Water street? The murder of Bella Lemons is by no means the last crime which will start from this spot unless things are remedied.

CARS SAFE HERE.
SINCE Fairmont police cleaned up a well established stolen automobile market in the city, there has been a complete lull in the stolen car business in this community. So far, the records show no single instance of a car stolen in Fairmont for months, nor the entry of any suspicious machines. Not only has there been a complete lull in the stolen automobile business, but there has been little, if any complaint of cars taken without permission of the owner for joy rides.
Fairmonters perhaps do not realize how great is this blessing which they enjoy—the pleasure of being able to park their cars and return to them when ready without worry or anxiety in the interval. In the large cities where the maze of streets makes the get away easy, it is not safe to leave a machine for an instant, as at least one Fairmonters discovered this summer. People here are to be congratulated on their good fortune in this respect.
West Virginia, as a whole, however, is a fine spot for automobile thieves to dispose of stolen cars. The laws here are not stringent enough. In some other states the possession of a car with a mutilated number is enough to cause the arrest of the owner. It is taken for granted by the state

that a car with a mutilated number is a stolen machine. There is every reason to believe this. West Virginia, however, requires proof against the suspect, and bringing a car thief to justice is a difficult matter. All that saves West Virginia from suffering the loss of many machines is because of the exceeding difficulty of getting stolen cars out of the state. The long distances between towns, and the unimproved roads, made a get away most difficult, and the cities as a general rule are too small to long conceal a "fence." The police are on the job and trouble follows swiftly any attempted sale of stolen cars.

DON'T GET HURT.
"DON'T get hurt!" is the new slogan to be adopted this year to protect persons, especially children, from accidents. It is a good slogan and there is no doubt but that its featuring will make hundreds of people pause before acting and thus save life or limb.
There is so much confusion every day from traffic, and from the crowds that fill the streets, that people are becoming accustomed to the noise and the continuous uproar of motor horns, voices, bells and other warning sounds that are supposed to protect from accident. The warning noises that used to suffice are becoming as the accustomed tick of a familiar clock in the family living room. They are heard unconsciously, and heeded, not at all.
No child would rush out in front of an automobile if the sound of its engine were an unfamiliar sound and the warning horn a strange, new noise. The trouble is that the sound is such an accustomed sound that the child does not even hear it. It is this, rather than the confusion of traffic, that is now causing the list of accidents to climb. Because this is true new safety devices and new safety catch phrases will have to be evolved as the public becomes indifferent to the appeal of the old ones.
"No Accident Week" is the first week for public observation that now appears against the fall horizon. Autumn will usher in a safety first campaign especially looking toward saving the children. Older folks are more inclined to be careful, so the appeal is made to the children, but the slogan "Don't get hurt!" will impress young and old alike, and the program should reach home and lower the increasing number of accidents that now fill the hospitals, and make cripples of so many persons caught off guard in the face of danger.

JULY CIRCULATION
The actual paid for circulation of The West Virginian for the month of July, 1922, is given in the tabulation below. All copies to advertisers, correspondents, employees, etc., have been eliminated.

1 Sunday	5,624	16 Sunday	6,169
2 Sunday	5,435	17 Sunday	5,953
3 Sunday	5,435	18 Sunday	5,953
4 Holiday	5,435	19 Sunday	5,446
5 Sunday	5,435	20 Sunday	5,476
6 Sunday	5,227	21 Sunday	6,029
7 Sunday	5,155	22 Sunday	5,489
8 Sunday	5,556	23 Sunday	5,486
9 Sunday	5,163	24 Sunday	5,377
10 Sunday	5,525	25 Sunday	5,469
11 Sunday	5,261	26 Sunday	5,736
12 Sunday	5,328	27 Sunday	5,736
13 Sunday	5,392	28 Sunday	5,511
14 Sunday	5,687	29 Sunday	
15 Sunday		30 Sunday	

Total for twenty-five days.....142,918
Daily average for July.....5,716
Daily average for June.....5,269

These figures represent only the circulation which has Audit Bureau of Circulation rating. The actual distribution for the month was 148,918 and the daily distribution was 5,958. Practically all the circulation went into Fairmont and Marion County homes, the natural field for the Fairmont merchant.
The work on the car tracks marks the beginning of a fine improvement for the main city streets. Things will be torn up for a while and traffic will suffer inconveniences, but the object attained will more than compensate for the trouble while repairs are being made.
Anxious moments for candidates, these. The final hours are winding up and the successful ones will soon be established. The primary fight in some instances has been a hard one, but good nature and above board, so no hard feelings will prevail no matter which way the balance tips.
If you did not vote in the primaries, you have no right to kick at the ticket you must vote upon next fall.
The photographers report great increase in business the past couple months—also a lot of patrons exceedingly difficult to please. It is pretty hard to make a weatherbeaten old mug look like a winner, but, viewing the campaign likenesses, the public is of the opinion that every candidate is a perfect Adonis, which is a sincere tribute to the efforts of the camera artists.
Just how the women candidates will come out in the primaries is of vast interest to the public. It should be a show down. Many have expressed doubt that the women voters will support women on the tickets. Going to know about this pretty shortly now in Marion County.
Been a lot of fellow who have had their sleeves rolled up and been too busy to eat, who will now rest up for a while.

THE MAID ON THE COURTHOUSE
"Hello, Harry, you're up early today," said the maid on the courthouse to Harry Brand, as she glimpsed him standing at the corner of Adams and Main street this morning about 7 o'clock.
"Yes, sir—I mean madam—I mean maid," replied Harry.
"What's the idea?" said Harry.
"This is primary day," said Harry.
"Oh, that's right," said the maid. "What is primary day?"
"My goodness me," said Harry, "don't you know what primary day is?"
"Well," said the maid, "I did notice an advertisement in the paper last night that the banks would have a holiday, but that doesn't mean anything as they were to be closed about half the time anymore. I thought perhaps Harry Brand wanted to go fishing and had declared a holiday."
"Merry," said Harry. "I thought

that a car with a mutilated number is a stolen machine. There is every reason to believe this. West Virginia, however, requires proof against the suspect, and bringing a car thief to justice is a difficult matter. All that saves West Virginia from suffering the loss of many machines is because of the exceeding difficulty of getting stolen cars out of the state. The long distances between towns, and the unimproved roads, made a get away most difficult, and the cities as a general rule are too small to long conceal a "fence." The police are on the job and trouble follows swiftly any attempted sale of stolen cars.

THE WORLD DRINKING RECORD WAS broken on the liner Homeric when 560 passengers drank \$10,000 worth of champagne in seven days. At the rate it sells in this country that would be about a teaspoonful for each passenger.
Let's name the Homeric the Homebrewer.
It is so ordered.
Governor Edwards has designated "How Dry I Am" as New Jersey's state song. Judge the people of Atlantic City don't have to sing it.
The only trouble with most of the plans for long life is that they include careful living.
While the cry of the age is "full speed ahead."
At any rate the "sure winner" list will show deficit by morning in several states.
Wonder what the Giants' rowers are thinking these days. McGraw had better start Art Neph today.
Tampering with the clock never fooled anybody's stomach.
Sometimes we think Mrs. Fowler would do well to play a little golf. Even if she never played before, she would score better than with her letters.
After father gives the bride away she often receives the compliment by bringing son-in-law home to Papa.
Sir Thomas Lipton is going to challenge again for the yacht cup. Ain't he the persistent little tea hound?
Think they better give it to him this time on the grounds of consistency or something.

Speaking of unrest in the world—the fleas seem to be going to the dogs again.
REED-LONG RACE TO BE CLOSE ONE
Seven Minutes Required to Vote Strip Ballot in Missouri Primary Today.
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 1.—(By the Associated Press.)—Missouri polls opened at 6 o'clock this morning for the first primary election for which women in the state have taken part.
At 7 o'clock tonight the voting places will close and the count of one of the bitterest primary fights of recent years will begin.
The weather prediction is fair and hot. Nominally, because of the harvest season, the day would be light, but political leaders are looking for a fairly heavy ballot because of the activity of the women voters and the bitterness with which the campaign has been waged.
The Democratic race for United States senator between James A. Reed and Breckinridge Long has overshadowed every other issue.
Compared to it, the six congressional races in the state, however, Republican ticket is attracting only casual notice.
Friends of Senator Reed see a menace to their candidate in the activity of William Sackey, who is making the race on a wine and beer platform. Senator Reed's friends have counted on a large number of wet Republicans in St. Louis voting for him in the Democratic primary, and now, however, they fear Sackey will gather this vote.
There are four parties in the field—Republican, Democratic, Socialist and Socialist-Labor. Under the strip ballot system in use, the voter must draw a line through the name of all candidates, not voted for, instead of putting a cross in front of the names of the men of his choice. In past years it was not unusual to see a man who wanted to vote for seven minutes to cross out the other names. The returns tonight will be very slow.
The voters also will select candidates for the sixteen districts and pick party nominees for state superintendent of school, circuit court judges, 146 state representatives, nearly all the circuit judges of the state and county officers. Experienced political observers here say that the Reed-Long race is a toss up.
They figure Mr. Long must come up to the limits of St. Louis with a lead of at least 40,000 to 45,000.

RUFF STUFF
Some of you birds better see if the old Salt River ship has served a lower for you.
Saw J. L. Blocher going to the polls this morning. He thought he would put an X or two in front of his name.
At the last minute it was said that Vox Populi had gone over to Neely.
Now that the Shinnston Fair-

mont highway is open, if someone will give us the money, we'll buy a car.
Boy, page L. G. Roop.
A bachelor getting married cannot move his cellar without a permit from the prohibition authorities, says a learned judge. But what bachelor with a cellar wants to get married?
A diamond studded diving board will be given for the correct answer.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE
By CONDO
ALL RIGHT, NOW, SPENCER, I'LL LOOK AFTER THE ACCOUNTS WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR VACATION. GOOD BYES. HAVE A GOOD TIME!!
THANK YOU, MR. TRUE. GOOD BYE.
SPENCER! OH, SPENCER!!! AS I TOLD YOU, HAVE A GOOD TIME BUT NOT SO GOOD THAT YOU'LL BE NO GOOD WHEN YOU GET BACK!!!

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEST VIRGINIA
By PHIL M. CONLEY
While on a trip through Europe ten years ago, a friend of mine in London introduced me to his brother, "Robert Conley is from West Virginia." Robert, a portly English gentleman of the John Bull type, rolled back in his chair and said: "You could have told me he came from hell, and I would have known just as much."
This statement is not true today. Everybody knows where West Virginia is. It has recently become the Ireland of America in the minds of many people. They are purchasing maps of West Virginia in a manner similar to the way they bought maps of Europe in the early days of August, 1914. Everybody wants to know where Mingo, the Tug River, Matewan and Logan are located. I presume in the near future we will have an "Over the Top" Empey book which will become a "best seller."
When a native West Virginian strays to one of the outside states, people gaze at him with wonder and with half fear. They look closely at his coat to see if they can discern the imprint of a six shooter in his hip pocket. They regard him as an exhibit, and one of the questions they ask is: "Do you live near where all this war is going on?"
If the West Virginian has a sense of humor, and most people from this state have, he will probably answer: "Yes, I have six notches on my gun." He will probably add for effect that Sid Hatfield was his boon companion before he lost his life. Then to make his story realistic he will tell of many battles in which he took part where hundreds of people lost their lives.
A Wrong Impression Created.
Many people do not know the real West Virginia; the state that has some of the most hospitable people in the world; the state that can boast of the purest blood in America. Outsiders frequently think of it as a place where fueds exist, where mountain people do not hesitate to kill anyone who gets in their way. They are wrong. There are armed camps with coal operators and mine guards in a trench facing armed miners in an opposite trench with "no man's land" between, and where life is generally held cheap. They are wrong. There are no fueds. "Yes, but how about your armed march?" When you explain that in a week's fighting there was one deputy sheriff killed, two volunteers and four miners, they think you do not know what you are talking about. The Heroin massacre, the bomb explosion in Wall street, and even a day-light robbery in New York take precedence over anything that has ever happened in West Virginia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
HIGH LEVIES.
FAIRMONT, August 1.—(Editor, The West Virginian.)—In reply to I. A. Barnes, in regard to high levies for school purposes, I, as a member of the board of education of Union District, think I know that the high levy of our district was caused by the building of the Benton's Ferry Schoolhouse, which it is said I. A. Barnes was the head of. We, as members, wanted to build the same kind of a building as the one at Hickman's Run, which would have been cheaper and would have kept the levy down, but I. A. over-ruled us.
W. E. HALL.
OWENS WANTS BOTTLES
ALL STANDARD SHAPES
An address of M. J. Owens, delivered some time ago before the Proprietary Association in the Hotel Astor, New York City, is printed in full in the July 29 issue of the Glass Worker, a magazine devoted to the interests of the glass industry.
Mr. Owens is vice-president of the Owens Bottle Co., which owns a factory in Fairmont. His address is 100 Broadway, New York City. He is a practical glass worker, and a devotee of standard shapes in bottles.
"What we would recommend," declared Mr. Owens, "is that every user of bottles who puts up one or more commodities, shall rely upon a high level of distinction. In view of the legislation by the Government regarding quality and quantity of products, it does not seem to me that any other distinction in the package is necessary than that indicated on the label. I would then advocate the use of a round, or a square, or an oval bottle, in sizes ranging from the smallest up to the largest. I would rely upon these three styles to take care of the requirements of the trade and I believe they would be entirely adequate."

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Sound investment judgment, put into action, brings success. How satisfactory and comforting it is to know that you have every dollar safely invested, earning a fair rate.
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THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
he says "crosses and recrosses the boundary between Ulster and the Free State no less than 16 times. Enforcement of customs regulations under such a condition will cause tremendous delays and hardships."
Bank Business Intervened
"The great banks of Ireland are in Belfast. These have maintained branches throughout Ireland and into them has moved the money of the Irish people.
"Under the Free State, it is not to be expected the people of all Ireland will feed their money into banks controlled by an outside government. Either Belfast becomes a city of United Ireland, or banks located in and operating under the laws of the Free State will draw these deposits.
"Belfast has been the chief shipping center for Ireland, both for imports and exports.
"But if Ulster, containing Belfast, remains outside the Free State, it is not reasonable to expect Free State imports and exports to move through a non-Free State port.
"Other ports, within the boundaries, will receive and forward these shipments.
"Can't Burst Economic Bonds
"Similarly, the influence of almost every economic factor in the industry and prosperity of Ulster binds her to the counties comprising the Irish Free State. Nothing can overcome the inexorable pull of these economic forces. It may take time. But in the end they will win."
Smiddy's office, here and the desk he uses were the office and the desk used by Eamonn de Valera, former "president of the Irish Republic" while a refugee in this country, directing the fight for Irish freedom.

BERTON BRALEY'S POEM
ADVENTURE.
He lived within a village
Where life had not a thrill
Where nothing ever happens
And nothing ever will.
Yet every day he wakened
With undiminished vim,
Believing that Adventure
Would somehow come to him.
He was a home-kept plodder,
Bound close by family ties,
Who could not seek the open road,
Or roam beneath strange skies.
Yet still within his bosom
He kept the fancy sweet
That some day he would meet Romance
Upon the village street!
Though one day and another
Were very much the same,
Within his eyes that eager hope
Burned with a joyous flame.
And though his joints grew creaky,
And though his hair turned gray,
He knew—he knew Adventure
Was coming down the way!
His great Adventure found him.
Death came and took him hence
To roam tremendous spaces
To seek vast firmaments;
Because no lightning circumstance
His hope and faith could shake
His soul hobnobbed with Bone and Scott,
With Froisher and Drake.
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If the West Virginian has a sense of humor, and most people from this state have, he will probably answer: "Yes, I have six notches on my gun." He will probably add for effect that Sid Hatfield was his boon companion before he lost his life. Then to make his story realistic he will tell of many battles in which he took part where hundreds of people lost their lives.
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Walk-Over
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Sound investment judgment, put into action, brings success. How satisfactory and comforting it is to know that you have every dollar safely invested, earning a fair rate.
Your account is invited.
THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK
FAIRMONT, W. VA.
CAPITAL \$200,000.00

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
he says "crosses and recrosses the boundary between Ulster and the Free State no less than 16 times. Enforcement of customs regulations under such a condition will cause tremendous delays and hardships."
Bank Business Intervened
"The great banks of Ireland are in Belfast. These have maintained branches throughout Ireland and into them has moved the money of the Irish people.
"Under the Free State, it is not to be expected the people of all Ireland will feed their money into banks controlled by an outside government. Either Belfast becomes a city of United Ireland, or banks located in and operating under the laws of the Free State will draw these deposits.
"Belfast has been the chief shipping center for Ireland, both for imports and exports.
"But if Ulster, containing Belfast, remains outside the Free State, it is not reasonable to expect Free State imports and exports to move through a non-Free State port.
"Other ports, within the boundaries, will receive and forward these shipments.
"Can't Burst Economic Bonds
"Similarly, the influence of almost every economic factor in the industry and prosperity of Ulster binds her to the counties comprising the Irish Free State. Nothing can overcome the inexorable pull of these economic forces. It may take time. But in the end they will win."
Smiddy's office, here and the desk he uses were the office and the desk used by Eamonn de Valera, former "president of the Irish Republic" while a refugee in this country, directing the fight for Irish freedom.

BERTON BRALEY'S POEM
ADVENTURE.
He lived within a village
Where life had not a thrill
Where nothing ever happens
And nothing ever will.
Yet every day he wakened
With undiminished vim,
Believing that Adventure
Would somehow come to him.
He was a home-kept plodder,
Bound close by family ties,
Who could not seek the open road,
Or roam beneath strange skies.
Yet still within his bosom
He kept the fancy sweet
That some day he would meet Romance
Upon the village street!
Though one day and another
Were very much the same,
Within his eyes that eager hope
Burned with a joyous flame.
And though his joints grew creaky,
And though his hair turned gray,
He knew—he knew Adventure
Was coming down the way!
His great Adventure found him.
Death came and took him hence
To roam tremendous spaces
To seek vast firmaments;
Because no lightning circumstance
His hope and faith could shake
His soul hobnobbed with Bone and Scott,
With Froisher and Drake.
(Copyright, 1922.)

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE
By CONDO
ALL RIGHT, NOW, SPENCER, I'LL LOOK AFTER THE ACCOUNTS WHILE YOU'RE ON YOUR VACATION. GOOD BYES. HAVE A GOOD TIME!!
THANK YOU, MR. TRUE. GOOD BYE.
SPENCER! OH, SPENCER!!! AS I TOLD YOU, HAVE A GOOD TIME BUT NOT SO GOOD THAT YOU'LL BE NO GOOD WHEN YOU GET BACK!!!

THE TRUTH ABOUT WEST VIRGINIA
By PHIL M. CONLEY
While on a trip through Europe ten years ago, a friend of mine in London introduced me to his brother, "Robert Conley is from West Virginia." Robert, a portly English gentleman of the John Bull type, rolled back in his chair and said: "You could have told me he came from hell, and I would have known just as much."
This statement is not true today. Everybody knows where West Virginia is. It has recently become the Ireland of America in the minds of many people. They are purchasing maps of West Virginia in a manner similar to the way they bought maps of Europe in the early days of August, 1914. Everybody wants to know where Mingo, the Tug River, Matewan and Logan are located. I presume in the near future we will have an "Over the Top" Empey book which will become a "best seller."
When a native West Virginian strays to one of the outside states, people gaze at him with wonder and with half fear. They look closely at his coat to see if they can discern the imprint of a six shooter in his hip pocket. They regard him as an exhibit, and one of the questions they ask is: "Do you live near where all this war is going on?"
If the West Virginian has a sense of humor, and most people from this state have, he will probably answer: "Yes, I have six notches on my gun." He will probably add for effect that Sid Hatfield was his boon companion before he lost his life. Then to make his story realistic he will tell of many battles in which he took part where hundreds of people lost their lives.
A Wrong Impression Created.
Many people do not know the real West Virginia; the state that has some of the most hospitable people in the world; the state that can boast of the purest blood in America. Outsiders frequently think of it as a place where fueds exist, where mountain people do not hesitate to kill anyone who gets in their way. They are wrong. There are armed camps with coal operators and mine guards in a trench facing armed miners in an opposite trench with "no man's land" between, and where life is generally held cheap. They are wrong. There are no fueds. "Yes, but how about your armed march?" When you explain that in a week's fighting there was one deputy sheriff killed, two volunteers and four miners, they think you do not know what you are talking about. The Heroin massacre, the bomb explosion in Wall street, and even a day-light robbery in New York take precedence over anything that has ever happened in West Virginia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
HIGH LEVIES.
FAIRMONT, August 1.—(Editor, The West Virginian.)—In reply to I. A. Barnes, in regard to high levies for school purposes, I, as a member of the board of education of Union District, think I know that the high levy of our district was caused by the building of the Benton's Ferry Schoolhouse, which it is said I. A. Barnes was the head of. We, as members, wanted to build the same kind of a building as the one at Hickman's Run, which would have been cheaper and would have kept the levy down, but I. A. over-ruled us.
W. E. HALL.
OWENS WANTS BOTTLES
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